



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

Fight to Stay Alive



👁 37 ✓ 0 ★ 1

Chapter 1 by Zack Dillon

A cool breeze blew against my face. The trees swayed, ever so softly. I could see geese in the distance. They landed with a splash on the pond horizontally from me. Everything was quiet, peaceful. There was a flash through the trees. It was brown and slender. In the woods of northern Michigan, this means one thing. Deer. My prey. The deer walked cautiously, but confidently. It stopped, put it's head down. It was a bigger buck. I'd seen bigger, but not for a long time. I decided to take 'em. BOOM!

The deer fell. There was a quiet pitter-patter of rain against the forest floor. As I cleaned him up, I got a sudden uneasy feeling.

"ErrEahh." It was a small shriek. Only one animal could make that noise. A baby bear. I turned around to face an adult mama black bear. She had two little cubs with her. The way to deal with a black bear is to make yourself bigger than it. Of course, that is only when it's not a mom protecting it's cubs. I had my buck knife in my hand. I was hootin' and hollering to no avail. She was on top of me.

The bear charged me. I was knocked to the dirt. She clawed my chest. I screamed in a deep

See more of Story Wars

[Login](#)

or

[Create new account](#)

So I fought. I crawled, nearly crying in agony. The pain was unbearable. I started a small fire. There was a huge gash in my chest. I had to do something about it. My jacket was already halfway off. I took a the cloth, and ripped a small swatch off and caught it on fire. I knew my only hope was to cauterize the wound. I burned my skin, which was excruciating. I passed out into a deep, deep sleep.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8

 You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature

☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#) | [Rooms](#) | [Feedback](#) |



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account